

THE CASKET.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, THE ARTS, NEWS, &c.

EDITED BY EMERSON BENNETT.

VOLUME I.

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Original Poetry.

WRITTEN FOR THE CASKET.

LITTLE WILLIE.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. M. A. F., OF CINCINNATI.

BY MRS. SOPHIA H. OLIVER.

Thou wert a fairy sprite, Willie,
A tiny, laughing thing,
Gay as the first sweet singing bird,
That comes with early spring.
The spinning top, the soaring kite,
And many a childish toy,
Did all the hours from morn till night,
Thy busy thoughts employ.

And oh! an angel's wing, Willie,
Love's holy fountain stir'd,
When 'mong the music-tones of life,
Breath'd thy first lisping word;
And gayly swept the merry hours,
Like coursers fleet and strong;
Bearing upon their flower-wreathed car,
Thy tiny form along.

But soon thy laughing eyes, Willie,
A strange, wild lustre shed,
And on thy cheek a hectic glow,
Consumption's rose, was spread.
The racking cough, the wasting form,
The frequent, plaintive moan;
All told us that relentless Death
Had mark'd thee for his own!

Yet Hope, on snowy wing, Willie,
Still hover'd o'er thy bed,
Nor soar'd away on upward flight,
Till thy pure soul had fled.
Alas! Love's bright, delusive dreams,
Sweet hopes of sorrow born,
Are like the flowers that bloom at eve,
And perish ere the morn!

When summer wore her robe, Willie,
Of thousand Eden dyes,
Death clos'd the doors of life—and op'd
The gates of Paradise.
Thy spirit pass'd 'mid Nature's smiles
And flowers that soon decay,
To climes where glorious summer's bloom
Shall never fade away.

Now lightly waves the grass, Willie,
Above thy gentle breast,
And there array'd in golden robes
The fairy sunbeams rest;
But ah! the pure, celestial light,
That bathes thy spirit's wings,
Flows like a river broad and bright,
From Heaven's perennial springs.

WRITTEN FOR THE CASKET.

S O N N E T .

ON A PICTURE OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

BY B. ST. JAMES FRY.

Monarch of the grand, mysterious art,
Divinity to shadow forth with truth,—
I gaze upon thy pictur'd form, and youth
Whose many fancies know no bounds, doth start
To weave itself a fame like thine! Greatness
Was stamp'd upon thy soul, a part of life
That grew with years. Imagination rife
With sublimity, drew forth fancies scarcely less
Than Deity itself! Alike to thee
The painter's pencil and the poet's lyre
For in thy glowing works and words, we see
The flaming of that Heaven-stolen fire
Which animates creature of the sod
With words and action, being, like a god!

Original Tale.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE CASKET.]

THE POOR STUDENT,

OR

THE LINWOOD FAMILY.

BY EDWARD MELANCTHON.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 114.)

C H A P T E R VII.

Among the boon companions of Mayhaw was Truman, the confidant of Baxter. He had showed no compunctions of conscience with regard to the part he had taken in the conspiracy against the Linwood family, and, therefore, was prepared to indulge with him in all excesses. He had obtained a large sum for the part he played which enabled him to lift his head above the vulgar crowd and sail gaily with the fashionable. He had imbibed a sort of friendship for the successful claimant, and they were rarely separated, especially on frolicking occasions. There was another of the revolters whom we must here introduce to the reader—his name was Edward Loring. He had recently come into the place, and meeting with congenial characters in the persons of Mayhaw, Truman and their associates he very readily became initiated in their society. He was about twenty-five years of age, less than the medium height—stooped a little as he walked—easy in his address—mild and insinuating in his conversation—light hair—fair and mellow countenance—bluish eyes—and taken altogether, readily commended himself to strangers, and ingratiated himself in their favor. He had an exceedingly happy faculty of pleasing the shortsighted of the opposite sex, and of attracting them to him. His eye would beam with the tenderest passion, his countenance wear, at pleasure, a pleasant smile—and his manner, the tone of his voice, his conversation, and his tempting eye gave him almost an entire command over the weak and unsuspecting. About a year had passed from the time Mayhaw took possession of the Linwood estate after Loring became a participant in the scenes enacted there. He became the favorite of the ladies of the society and at the soirees engrossed most of their attention and won their brightest smiles. He, however, had a good degree of tact and endeavored to prevent any particular manifestation of partiality towards himself for fear of exciting the envy of his male friends. It was in private that he took advantage of all his powers to charm, allure and overcome. He had become quite intimate with Mrs. Mayhaw and frequently called to pay her what was called friendly visits. He would seize every opportunity to steal alone to her parlor. These opportunities frequently presented themselves for Mayhaw had, in the course of six months more, so far descended in the course of dissipation, that he was absolutely a drunkard, haunting the dark dens of the unprincipled dram-seller. The better part of his associates now withdrew from his company and he was graduated into deeper degradation. Truman was still one of his best friends though he had not yet lost the entire command of his appetite. He began to observe the course of Loring and whispered his suspicions in the ear of Mayhaw. This was done in his sober moments but just as he was about to drink the first draught of his usual series. He held the tumbler—his hand near his mouth, listening with the most greedy ear to the revelations, with all the circumstances, of Truman. As enough had been said to satisfy his jealous nature he appeared thunder-struck—dropping his glass and in a state of bewilderment left the dram-shop. Truman followed him and attempted to quell the storm he had excited, but to no purpose. He wended his way to his house and to his consternation found Loring in his parlor. A fearful rage ran through his frame. His wife screamed and Loring quailed at his ferocious appearance. Almost superhuman strength seemed to distend every muscle of his frame, and deaf to the entreaties

of his wife and visiter to calm himself, he seized upon him with the force of a giant and dragged him to the door and threw him far out upon the pavement. Then with demoniac fury whirled his screaming wife from the steps, and bid her in a voice of fury to "go." She staggered several rods and fell back helpless among some shrubbery of the garden. Loring got up with his face streaming with blood, a broken arm, and hastened to his room and called a surgeon. Mayhaw retired into the house, locked the door and throwing himself upon the floor, brooded over what he had heard and done during the past half hour which seemed so much like a dream. His wife remained about an hour in a state of insensibility, when a fresh morning breeze beginning to blow she revived under its influence and with a pale, ghastly countenance began to look about her. "Where am I? How came I here?" she asked half audibly, bewildered at her situation. In a moment the awful reality flashed upon her countenance and she burst into the bitterest sobs. "Oh! miserable—wretched—ruined! where shall I go?" "Go, ah!" putting her hands to her forehead and staring wildly, "That dreadful word! did he not say it? Alas! alas! where shall I go?" and her sobs came louder and deeper and convulsed her whole frame. At length she rose and walked with trembling footsteps to the corner of the garden and sat herself down upon a stone which had been left by the builders. There she sat in silent grief, until darkness drawing nigh, Truman came along and seeing her called out in surprise:—

"Why, Mrs. Mayhaw, what has befallen you?"

She raised her head and removing from her face her dishevelled hair, turned her eyes, all red with weeping, toward the house and the tears burst forth afresh.

"Mrs. Mayhaw, do tell me what has happened," he asked again.

She again raised her head and the words struggled out amid her sobs,

"My husband—my husband!"

She was a good looking woman in her natural condition—had been married only eighteen months and her desolate appearance affected even the hard heart of Truman. He proceeded rapidly to the door of the house, determined to enter but it was fast. He went round to the rear door, but that, too, was fast. He finally called loudly to Mayhaw, who, recognizing the voice, opened the door. Truman immediately exclaimed:—

"What means this? I just saw your wife sitting on a hard stone almost distracted!"

Mayhaw had become calm and bending an eye of searching earnestness upon him, said in a violent manner:—

"Prove to me she is false!"

"I have no proof—I never told you she was—I only reminded you that Loring seemed too intimate with her, that you might be on your guard. I did not dream of making you crazy."

"But I just this moment swung Loring out of the house! I came home and found him here!"

"That may prove nothing wrong."

"Alas! what have I done?"

Though Mayhaw had sold himself to the minion of Baxter, yet his better nature was not all blighted. He began to feel remorse for his recent desperation, and to pity his abused wife. He immediately left in an agitated manner, and sought his companion. As he spoke she raised her head and seeing him relenting and sorrowful, she rose and falling on her knees before him said:

"Oh! my husband, if I have ever wronged you, forgive me!"

He raised her up saying, as the tears rolled from his cheek. "Pardon my hasty temper, my dear!"

They returned into the house and attempted to rival each other in kindness. He was restrained in his intemperate indulgence for several weeks, and his wife began to rejoice at the violent occurrence if it had been the means of his reformation. In the meantime Loring became cured of his wounds and was again abroad. Enraged at the treatment he had received, he began to retail to his friends slanders on the charac-

ter of both Mayhaw and his wife. These were faithfully reported to him, and caused him again to be unmanned. He had been drinking some that day and stepping into a shop again he poured down the maddening draught—which affecting still more his violent passion caused him to rave most uncontrollably. He went in search of Loring, and meeting him on the walk of the town, drew a pistol and quick as thought made him a corpse. The cry of murder rang terribly through the hitherto peaceful street—the officers were immediately on the alert; Mayhaw had turned, and was walking away in an apparently listless manner, but he had not gone far before he was in the clutches of the law. Taken before a magistrate he was committed to jail to await his trial for murder.

Truman, who had left the house of Mayhaw soon as he could, in search of his wife, at this last occurrence began to think it best to keep himself cautious lest some clue be had to the great conspiracy. He immediately addressed a letter to Baxter, detailing the direful occurrences that had recently transpired, together with the manner in which Mayhaw had lived since his departure and his pecuniary condition. He advised him to come home as soon as possible to guard against disagreeable words; for his presence might save his reputation as individuals are always disposed to speak more boldly against one when absent than when present. Baxter followed this advice and was immediately on his way.

CHAPTER VIII.

"A fire unquenched, unquenchable,
Around, within my heart doth dwell
Nor ear can hear nor tongue can tell
The tortures of that inward hell."—BYRON.

"Even you, yourselves, to your own breasts shall tell
Your crimes and your own consciences be your hell."

In the course of a few weeks Mayhaw was tried for the murder of Loring, convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to the Penitentiary for the term of ten years. The sympathies of the public were strongly in his favor and the defence was easily established that the deed was committed on a sudden heat of passion from the rank provocation of the deceased, and instead of having time to cool, it continually increased until the time of discharging the fatal load. Thus the successor to the Linwood Paradise was compelled to exchange it for the dark and dismal abode of the prison. His wife remained on the estate, and by curtailing many useless expenditures, was enabled to support herself in good style and pay some of the debts her husband had contracted.

Baxter had now been home several weeks, but he was not the person he had been three years before. In gliding about from city to city, and state to state, the constant change of scene and company had dispelled much of the gloom that would have afflicted him had he remained at home. But now he had more time for sober reflection and the associations around him caused his crimes to stare him grimly in the face. The consequences were constantly preying upon him. He retired from all society—kept his room most of the time and saw only such of his friends as called upon him. His conduct and appearance became matter of surprise to all his acquaintances except the few who had been accomplices with him in his crimes. He was sullen, gloomy, and apparently bereft of all enjoyment. The ruin he had caused in the pecuniary condition of the best family he had ever known—the desolation that had come upon their beautiful residence, and the many whom his money had bribed, whose virtue he had bought and thus prepared for all kinds of excesses against the peace and happiness of society—all the wrongs of which he was the prime cause were so many scourges in the land of justice inflicting upon him the severe penalty of violated law.—The punishment was often more than he could bear: and frequently was he found in his room, overcome by the most intense suffering. Oh! what direful miseries result from the ascendancy of passion, and the prostration of deliberate thoughts, and the dominion of conscience!

After a few weeks more Jennings also returned with his wife for the purpose of settling his business and disposing of his property with a view of removing to a crowded city. He had found in his absence, that the noise, amusements, excitements and the thousand varieties of city-life were admirably calculated to divert the mind, engross the attention and make the troublesome conscience slumber. He also found on returning to the theatre of his crimes, that his former misery returned with redoubled severity. Scarcely had he arrived and seated himself in a room with his companion, before his grief overwhelmed him, and burying his face in his handkerchief, resigned himself to tears. He had kept the secret of his life's woe

from his devoted wife and her surprise and anguish, on beholding this return of her husband's sorrow, can be more truly imagined than described. She threw her arms about his neck and besought him to tell her his troubles that she might administer to his relief.

"What fatality is there in this town," said she, "that causes you so much distress? Do calm yourself and let us talk unreservedly of your afflictions."

Jennings composed himself—raised his head and bending upon the countenance of his beloved companion a look of mingled pity, grief and love, said in a portentous tone of voice:

"Are you prepared to hear?"

"I am," she replied, with a tremulous voice.

"Are you prepared to hear the worst?"

"Do not doubt me—the knowledge of your secrets will not disturb me as much as beholding your troubles without knowing the causes."

"Did you ever observe a residence a short distance to the north-east of the academy, most tastefully arranged, standing in a garden like that of Eden?"

"I have."

"Well, the noblest and happiest family once owned and occupied that Paradise."

"Where are they now?"

"Living in poverty a short distance to the West of the town."

"What caused the change?"

"MY CRIMES."

His wife started at this announcement—paled and quivered like an aspen. Jennings preserved his composure, and speedily remarked:

"You said you were prepared to hear my secrets!"

"So—so I am!"

"Oh! my God!" exclaimed he, "if thou canst hear the prayer of one so wicked as I, support my companion in this trying hour. She is innocent as the morning dawn, and needs thy assistance while hearing of the dishonor of him whom she loves, and has made a part of her own existence."

His wife now appeared calm, and firmly she said:

"What has passed cannot be recalled. If we have lived wrongly, we must atone for it by the righteousness of the future. Let me now hear all."

"As a Lawyer I lent my counsel and assistance in carrying out a scheme of the rankest villainy that was ever conceived; the results of which were bribery, perjury, forgery and robbery."

"Are you guilty of all these?" inquired his wife.

"I am a victim of bribery, and for an immense reward conducted a suit, sustained by the falsest evidence, that robbed an excellent family of a home, and I fear, sent a number of young men down the dark path of crime."

At this moment the bell rang, and stepping to the door, Jennings received a note from Baxter, requesting an immediate visit at his room, to consider matters of the gravest importance to them both. Jennings took leave of his companion, promising to return in a short time, and called upon Baxter. As he entered, Baxter seized him by the hand, and exclaimed:

"Jennings! Jennings! can you forgive me? I am wretched—life is insupportable!"

"Forgive you! Wherein have you wronged me?"

Jennings was to this moment, entirely unaware of the part Baxter had acted, and of the motives which had induced the unfortunate proceedings. Baxter explained to him the whole matter, which occasioned him the utmost surprise. They sat in silence for many minutes—in the silence of conscious guilt and immeasurable despair. At length Baxter said:

"Something must be done to mitigate my suffering. Death is preferable to this terrible existence. Your guilt is small, compared with mine."

"But mine is intolerable—and more than that, I have such an innocent one, the partner of my disgrace. What can be done? I suppose the world, as yet, ignorant of our crimes."

"Let us submit ourselves to the mercy of those we have wronged—and for this purpose I invited you. What think you?"

"Let me excuse myself to my companion, and I will be with you."

In the course of half an hour, they started on foot to visit the Linwood family. Arriving at the gate that opened into the neat garden, in front of their humble dwelling, their courage failed them, and, overwhelmed, they leaned upon the fence, and resting their heads upon their arms, gave vent to the anguish of their souls.

They were soon observed by the family, all of whom chanced to be within at the time, and were ready to console the afflicted, they at once went to them, feeling much anxiety concerning them, and the strongest sympathy for their apparent sorrow. Mr. Linwood recognised them, and with a "voice made all of sweet accord," called them by name—bid them be calm, and fear not. He opened the gate, and in the kindest manner, asked them to come into the house and tell them their griefs. The penitents obeyed, and being seated, Baxter said he had come to confess all the crimes that had made them poor, and to ask their forgiveness. Jennings also craved their pardon for the part he had taken, and both declared themselves ready to make full restitution. Mr. Linwood told them they had been forgiven from the first, that no one of the family ever cherished aught but pity toward them or any one connected with the affair. He told them, further, that they were all contented, and they need not feel any uneasiness on their account. This was confirmed by the kind words, and still kinder looks of the other members of the family. They were further told to rely upon each member of the family as a fast friend, under all circumstances.

"But," said Baxter, "the deepest guilt is on my soul, and I deserve the severest penalty of the law. How can I repair the broken law, except by surrendering myself to its infliction?"

"It is difficult," replied Mr. Linwood, "to compute the amount of guilt that belongs to the conduct of any member of society. I believe we are all more or less blameable for all the vice and crime that abounds. It is not the law that determines the actual criminality of our wrong actions, but the consequences which result from them. We are all in society together, and the conduct of each affects the whole, and that of the whole affects each, either for good or evil. The circumstances of education, temptation, &c., must be taken into the account, and the real effects of these, no earthly tribunal can determine. Therefore, the most that I feel authorised in doing, either individually or as a member of society, in such cases, is to say to the erring as did the brightest example of excellence on earth, 'go thy way and sin no more.' I warn you against exposing yourselves to the vengeance of a heartless community. The people have not the true philosophy on this subject and there is little hope of the reform and happiness of a wrong done after he has fallen into the hands of the law. I advise you, then, to forget the past, or, at least, to repair its wrongs by cultivating virtue for the future."

Baxter and Jennings could not adequately express the gratitude to them whom their injuries had made their benefactors. Presents of money were offered but refused, and they tried to induce them to take back their former residence, put in as good condition as before—but this they also refused, saying that the poor woman now living there needed it for her comfort, and as for themselves, they had enough and to spare.

Mrs. Linwood now inquired of Jennings concerning his wife.

"Alas! alas!" said he, "I was compelled to-day to tell her the cause of my troubles and she is wretched."

"I will go immediately and comfort her," said Julia, and she instantly caught her bonnet and shawl and departed.

"Excellent Lady!" exclaimed Jennings, "my companion will soon be happy."

After much more conversation, the nature of which the reader can imagine, Baxter and Jennings retired with the warmest blessings of the family. They were thus, by the counsel and consolation of true christians, relieved from a burden they had deemed insupportable and rendered comparatively happy. They saw virtue now as they had never seen her before, and resolved to imitate their benefactors in real excellence.

There are many scenes in the conclusion of this drama we shall leave entirely to the imagination of the reader,—such as the interview between Julia and Mrs. Jennings, between Baxter and Truman who had hitherto remained inflexible and seemed to care little about it, and between Jennings and Roberts who also had shown no concern about the part he had acted. Suffice it to say, that the feelings of Truman and Roberts were finally reached by the angelic kindness of the Linwood family, and they also began a life of virtue.

Mrs. Linwood and Julia frequently visited Mrs. Loring whose husband was in prison, and contributed greatly to her happiness.

In the course of a few months Horace Melville graduated, returned home and was married to Julia Linwood. He possessed, as the reader is already aware, the spirit of the Linwoods and we shall leave the reader to imagine the sweet converse he held with all in that vicinity who had been concerned

in depriving that noble family of their beautiful residence.—He had become while at the Academy, well and most favorably known in that community, and his influence was of great consequence to Baxter, Jennings and all their accomplices. Though nothing was certainly known in public about the affair, yet rumor was abroad and suspicion was fastened on some of the guilty. The community, therefore, was surprised to find Melville assisting them by all the means in his power, and still more surprised at the attempt he soon made to procure the pardon of Loring. He drew a petition, circulated it, procured the signatures of all the influential men of the town, forwarded it to the Governor, and Loring soon came home to profit by the instruction of Melville, Mr. Linwood, Baxter and Jennings. His evil disposition was vanquished by the happy influences thrown around him. He wished to restore the premises he occupied, but the Linwoods persuaded him to keep it and live a life of soberness and purity.

Melville, after two years of legal study, was admitted to the bar. He settled in the town where the scenes of this drama were enacted, and commenced, at once a successful career. He reaped the honors and emoluments of the profession as rapidly as could be desired. The Linwoods were soon enabled to own the premises they had tilled for a few years past, and another paradise surrounded them. The principal reason why they would not receive back their old home which was their rightful property, was, that they could not think of inhabiting rooms desecrated with all kinds of revelry, debauchery and vice by the former profligate Loring and his companions.

Thus we conclude. All who were too strongly tempted and became guilty of crime, were reformed by the true philosophy and real goodness of the Linwoods and Melville, and made happy and valuable members of society—all but Townsend who negotiated the forged bills, and who was not heard from after. All the wrong we have represented was—as all moral wrong should be—overruled to the highest good of the guilty.

If this tale contributes anything to the cause of truth and virtue, the writer has accomplished the only end he had in view. Farewell.

ESSAYS.

WRITTEN FOR THE CASKET.

PROGRESSION.

BY A. F. D.

force. Errors are no longer considered binding, merely because they have been long entertained. Men are awakening to the importance of investigating all subjects for themselves, and no principle is permanently adopted, unless it has undergone the closest scrutiny. The great principle of progression is leading them steadily towards the goal of emancipation, from the thralldom of superstition and error.

Man must—he will be free; mentally, as well as physically.

His liberation must be gradual, progressive, for such is the

law upon which nature is founded. We do not say that man

will be freed from the imperfections incidental to his nature;

these are inherent, and can be removed only when this mortal

shall be changed to immortality, but we simply mean that

there is an essential element in the nature of things, the ten-

dency of which is to bring into activity those higher capaci-

ties of the soul, which assimilate it to its eternal origin.

In removing old errors, new ones may be adopted, but they cannot become permanent. As soon as they are detected, they will be alike discarded, for nothing will be allowed to retard the advancement of mind in its march of progressive improvement.

Man needs but to become aware of the dignity of truth and virtue, when every nobler feeling of his nature will impel him to assume the high position which the God who created him designed that he should occupy. Convince him that happiness, to be pure and lasting, must flow from those principles which are developed by a cultivation of his moral and intellectual faculties, and he will at once yield obedience to the great law of right. Let him feel that nature has ordained to him high destiny, if he will but follow the path which it has pointed out for his pursuit, and he cannot resist the inclination to acquiesce in its demands. Imbue the mass with an enlightened understanding of the importance of a strict and uniform obedience to the laws of their natures, and the great work of human improvement will be a thousand times accelerated.

We say that man's condition must continue to improve, that his progress will not be retarded. By this we do not mean that any future generation will possess powers above those of the present—neither that man can advance independent of effort; but that mind is so organized that it is capable of a higher, and better development of its faculties than has yet been attained, and that the accumulated experience of the past, the ever onward march of intelligence and virtue, are calculated to bring it nearer and nearer to this consummation.

But this can be attained only through effort, only through an uncompromising adherence to duty; and as far as man shall perform his duties, so far shall he advance in bettering his condition. Much depends upon the present age. There appears to be a general desire for improvement. Society is actuated by a spirit of innovation. New systems and new theories are daily promulgated, and it requires the most careful observation to distinguish between the true and the false, between that which is calculated to advance, and that which will retard man's progress.

Let every one be watchful. Let them be careful that they are neither imposed upon by a too stubborn adherence to old prejudices, nor by a too yielding acquiescence in new theories. And while they resolve that they will devote life to the high and holy purpose of bettering themselves and elevating the general condition of mankind, let them feel that the high destiny which they have chosen, obligates them to guard against either adopting, or advocating any of the many unsound systems which are so well calculated to suit the changeable spirit of the times.

HISTORICAL.

NAPOLEON'S ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.

We translate the following intensely interesting account of two remarkable events in the life of Napoleon, from Montholo's St. Helena captivity.—AUBURN JOURNAL:

In the evening, our conversation having carried him back to the recollections of the Convention, and his sojourn at Paris after the siege of Toulon, he (Napoleon) gave me the following details:

"I found myself in one of those mawkish situations which suspend the faculties of the brain and make life a burden.—My mother had just confessed to me all the horrors of her condition. Obliged to flee from the war which the Corsican mountaineers were carrying on, she was at Marseilles without any means of existence, relying solely on her own heroic virtues to defend the honor of her daughters against the

misery and corruptions of every kind which belonged to the manners of that epoch of social chaos. The wicked conduct of the Representative Aubry, having deprived me of my salary, all my resources were exhausted; I had left but a single AS-SIGNAL of a hundred sous. I went out, dragged as it were by an instinct towards suicide: and I proceeded along the quays, conscious of my weakness, but without the power to overcome it. A few moments more, and I should have plunged into the water, when chance brought me in contact with an individual clothed in a simple habit, who, recognizing me, jumped upon my neck, exclaiming, "Is it you indeed, Napoleon? how rejoiced I am to see you." It was Demasis, my old Artillery comrade; he had emigrated, and returned in disguise to France, to see his mother.

He was turning to leave me; "What is the matter?" he asked, "you do not listen to me—you are not glad to see me! What misfortune threatens you? You appear like a maniac, who is going to kill himself." This direct appeal to the impression which governed me, produced a reaction, and, without reflection I revealed all to him.

"Is that all?" he said, opening his shabby vest, and loosening a belt which he put in my hands, "here are 30,000 francs in gold; take them, and save your mother."

"Without being able even at this day to explain it, I seized the gold by a convulsive movement, and ran like a madman, to give it to my mother. It was no sooner out of my hands than I reflected upon what I had been doing. I returned in haste to the place where I had left Demasis, but he was gone. Many days in succession I went out in the morning, visited all the places where I could hope to find him, and did not return till evening. All my pursuits made at that time, as well as those made at my advent to power, were vain. It was only at the end of the Empire, that I by chance found Demasis.

"It was my turn to question him, and to ask him what he thought of my strange conduct, and why, in fifteen years, I had not heard of him. He would have done as I had done, he said, and as he had no need of money, he had not asked for it, although, he was very sure, that I would not be at all embarrassed by re-imburasing him; but he feared I would force him from the retirement, in which he lived happy, in the pursuit of horticulture; I had the greatest difficulty in the world, to make him accept 300,000 francs, as a re-imbursement for the 30,000 francs, lent to a regimental comrade; in spite of him, I made him accept the office of Administrator-general of the Gardens of the Crown, at a salary of 30,000 francs, with the honors of an officer of the household. I also gave a very handsome place to his brother.

"Two of my comrades of the Military school and of the regiment, those with whom I was perhaps the most closely bound by the sympathies of first youth, Demasis and Philippeau, have by one of those mysteries of Providence, had an immense influence over my destiny. Demasis, as I have just related, prevented me, at a moment of contemplated self-destruction, and Philippeau arrested me, before St. Jean d'Acre; had it not been for him, I had been master of that key of the East—I had marched upon Constantinople, and re-edified the throne of the East.

"In another emergency I wished to destroy myself; you know it certainly?" "No, Sire," said I. "In that case write, for it is good that the mysteries of Fontainebleau, should be one day known."

MYSTERIES OF FONTAINBLEAU.—"The 4th of April, 1815, I had passed parade in the White Horse Court, and was entering my cabinet with the Prince of Neuchatel, to give him some final orders for movements, when he, with some embarrassment, demanded an audience for the marshals; I gave orders for their admission, and also for that of the duc de Bassano, the duc de Vincenza, and the grand marshal.

"It is by devotion to your person and to your dynasty," stammered one of the marshals, "that we have decided to lift the veil which still conceals from you the terrible truth. All is lost, if your majesty hesitates to place the crown upon the head of your son—at that price only, is peace possible. The army is fatigued, discouraged, disorganized—defection is in its ranks. We cannot think of re-entering Paris; for all attempts to do so, would be uselessly to shed blood."

"This sudden discouragement of the chiefs, contrasted strongly with the ardor of the troops who surrounded me; but it corresponded with the report which the duc de Vincenza made to me upon the situation of Paris, at his return from the mission which he had just accomplished near the Emperor Alexander, whose last words were—"I make no diplomacy with you—I am not able to tell you all; imagine it, and lose not an hour in communicating to the Emperor Napoleon our con-

THE CASKET.

versation, the situation of affairs here, and return instantly, the bearer of his abdication in favor of his son. As to his personal fate, I give you my word of honor he shall be properly treated; but I repeat, lose not an hour or all is lost for him and I will no longer have the power of doing any thing for him or his dynasty.

"This was for me an incontestable symptom of the progress of the infection—civil war was inevitable if I continued the war. I hesitated not in the sacrifice that was demanded of my patriotism; I seated myself at a little table, on which were some sheets of paper and an inkstand: I wrote the act of my abdication in favor of my son, and ordered the duc de Vincenza, whom for twenty-five years I had been accustomed to regard as my friend, to bear it to Paris, associating with him the prince of Moskwa and the duc de Regusa. I had shared with him as with a brother, my small revenue, when I was Lieutenant of Artillery. Yet, some observations of the duc de Bassano, I think, made me prefer Marshal Macdonald.

"The sacrifice of my crown was not the severest blow that fatality that day had reserved for me. Gouraud, whom I had sent to Marmont, had returned without having affected his mission. Marmont had deserted my standard; his corps of the army no longer covered Fantainbleau; and at the intelligence of his defection, the Allies had refused my abdication, declaring that they would restore the throne of the Bourbons. At this news, discouragement reigned, supreme master, around me—events progressed too slowly; each one with difficulty restrained his impatience to go and secure a position in the new order of things that the royalty of Louis XVIII., was about to create. To all my thoughts of saving the country from a counter revolution, they opposed to me a civil war, because they knew that to point to that as a consequence of the continuance of the war, was to direct against my resolutions a mortal blow; and when pushed to extremity, I said:—"Since it is necessary to give up defending France, let us at least save Italy—let it preserve its nationality, and be a refuge for unfortunate Frenchmen, whom the vengeance of emigration awaits." A gloomy silence too well satisfied me that I had nothing more to expect from men, whom I had raised to the highest dignity of the Empire and of the army. Exhausted by this struggle of my soul, all French, I resisted no longer, and faithful to my oath, I surrendered the crown which I had accepted only for the glory and prosperity of France.

"Since the retreat from Russia, I had carried, suspended to my neck in a silk bag, a poison. In fear of being captured by the Cossacks, Ivan had prepared it, by my order. My life no longer belonged to the country. The events of these last days, had made me disposer of it. Why suffer so much, said I to myself; and who knows but my death will place the crown upon the head of my son. France would be saved! I did not hesitate. I leaped from my bed, and dissolving the potion in a little water I drank it with a sort of happiness.—But time had deprived it of its virtue. Terrible pains snatched from me some groans. They were heard—aid arrived.—God willed that I should not yet die. St. Helena was in my destiny!"

WRITTEN FOR THE CASKET.

AMERICAN SKETCHES.—NO. 1.

BY C. EMERSON.

AMERICA. Our Western Continent is very unlike the Eastern; and its two grand divisions of the New, as diverse from each other as each and both from the grand divisions of the Ancient world.

America, south of the Tropic of Cancer, is magnificent in its mountains, its rivers, its pampas, its mines; is remarkable, in many portions, for its fertility—in some for salubrity.

The great Table Land of Mexico Proper, with its appendages, is unique. Situate in the Torrid Zone, it has every variety of temperature, with all diversities of soil and production; and its mineral wealth has no parallel on earth.

AMERICA NORTH OF THE TROPICS, compared with the Great South, has less of sublimity—less attraction for its silver and gold; but is far superior in adaptation for a numerous happy and UNITED population. With its natural, possible and probable means and facilities of inter-communication, it is calculated—perhaps destined—for the establishment of a magnificent Federal Republic—powerful and prosperous beyond example in history.

Let us glance at its magnificent systems of valleys and rivers and lakes;—the Grand Central Valley of North America, with its broad expanse, from the sea of Mexico to the Frozen Ocean, with its eastern great adjunct; drained in its southern slope by the far spreading waters of the Mississippi and its kin-

dred streams—the Northern by the Saskachawan, the Mackenzie, the Mississippi and the Thlew-ee-choh—the Eastern, by the St. Lawrence, the outlet of our great Inland Seas.

The Atlantic slope, comprehending the original thirteen members of our Union, is every where indented with navigable water-courses. The Alleghany Ridges are already being surmounted by rail-roads. Frazer's River, the Columbia and the Pacific slope, are watered by the Colorado of California. Its great eastern barrier, separating this slope from the Central Valley, has several practicable passes—some of great facility. We leave the North-western angle of the continent as appendant rather to Asia.

The idea of such ultimate expansion of our union may seem startling to some—chimerical to many. But more mature reflection and research may show it neither unreasonable nor improbable.

If our Federal system is managed with that wisdom which will ensure success—with that justice which will command respect, all regions, within convenient distance, will seek to enter our union. It is a glorious prospect; a Federal head for the management of general concerns and the promotion of general prosperity; the states for the regulation of local concerns and interests. In this way, regions of diversified (tho' not necessarily antagonistical) interests, usages and feelings—provided they agree in the great principles of liberty—can be brought into harmonious combination.

These thoughts occurred and were sketched by us on paper a number of years ago; but we have noted of late, that they occurred in the early days of our Republic, to Thomas Hutchins, United States Geographer. He remarks—"There is some amusement, at least, in reflecting upon the vast consequences which some time or other must attend the settling of America—the habitable parts of which, north of latitude 30°, contain above 3,500,000 square miles. This includes what at present does not belong to OUR North America. If we want it, I warrant it will soon be ours. This immense continent will be peopled by persons whose language and national character must be the same. None of the ancient empires, nor the present one of China, can be compared to this of North America; which, as surely as the land is now in being, will hereafter be trod by the first people the world ever knew."

Secret Band of Brothers.

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WRITTEN FOR THE CASKET.

A STOUNDING DISCLOSURES!

BY J. H. GREEN.

CHAPTER V.

After my interview with Watkins, I felt greatly relieved. I hastened to the hospital to see the Col. as was my custom, often, several times a day. I found him surrounded with visitors all of whom appeared to be affected while in his presence. He needed sympathy. His mind was tortured. His whole life seemed made up of successive throes of excitement and desperation. His heart was torn by conflicting passions. His confidence and affection for former friends were evidently waning. If any remained, it hung like the tremulous tones of music uncertain and discordant upon its shivered strings. After the principal visitors had retired, the following individuals, three from Lawrenceburgh, two from Cincinnati, one from Madison and one from Frankfort, made their appearance, accompanied by one of the Col.'s legal advisers. They counseled with him for some time. The legal gentleman remarked, at the close of the mutual conversation:

"It will do. I have conversed with your friends," calling his two principal attorneys by name. "They say something of that kind must be done. It will have a powerful effect. T. cannot ward off such licks as we will give him."

The meaning of this fellow was, that bribery could be effectively used. This man who thus offered to subvert, by the best of means, the claims of public and private justice, was so lost to shame and self respect, that he verily thought it an honorable and creditable act, if he could render himself notorious for clearing the most abandoned scoundrels. It argued the most deep seated depravity, to commit unblushing crime and then glory in his infamy. He heeded not the means, so he accomplished his end. He would not hesitate to implicate himself, for it was but a few days after this, when he offered me a bribe, as before stated, and likewise the counterfeit money. (I here have reference to the five hundred dollars, to which I referred in my work on, "Gambling unmasked.")

After the party had retired, the Col. said in a few days he would be able to secure bail—that they were waiting for an intimate friend,—a wholesale merchant from Philadelphia.—He then conversed with me more freely, and told me much about his enemies in Dearborn Co., Ind., and also his intimate friends. Said he:

"You may live to hear of my success in making some of those Dearborn county fellows glad to leave their nests, which they feathered at my expense."

It was the next day after this, that I made known to Mr. Munger the fact, that a bribe had been proffered me to swear against T., in favor of the brothers. Some two days after, I received the note containing the information respecting the hidden treasure. See the work above mentioned.

These circumstances, with the excitement occasioned by the loss of the package, created a great sensation, especially with the friends of the Col. and his brother. Fear and jealousy were at work with the whole banditti of public swindlers. They knew not on whom to fix the imputation of purloining their valuable papers. Cunningham was suspected, and likewise Spurlock, another old confederate, who had frequently visited the room of the unfortunate lady. Sturtivant, one of their principal engravers, was thought to be implicated, and even one of their pettifoggers was on the list of the proscribed. They did not fix upon me till several days after. The circumstances of this suspicion I will now detail.

The Lawrenceburgh members had not complied with their promises. One was waiting to turn his produce into cash, and when he was ready to fulfill his engagement, no action could be taken, because his fellow townsmen had their excuses for delay and nonconcurrence. The Philadelphia merchant had arrived, but suddenly left, as report says, "between two days." Two others of the intended bail were among the missing. I carried a letter to another, who owned a flat-boat. I went on board and found his son, but learned that the father had gone up the coast on business, to be absent several days. The son took the letter, broke it open, and read it. He told me to say to the Col. that his father was absent and had written to him that he intended starting home in a few days, probably by the next boat. I went back and bore the message. The lawyer who had given me the letter, cursed me for permitting the son to open it. The Col. turning over on his bed, and fastening his eyes upon the enraged attorney, with a mingled expression of anger and despair, said,

"I am gone, there is no hope for me. I see, I see, they have robbed me of my property, my papers, poisoned, and then forsaken me. I have not much more confidence in you than in the rest."

"My dear Col." said the implicated sycophant, "do you think I would ever treat so basely, a client so liberal and worthy as yourself," at the same time wiping his cheek as if a tear had been started by such an unkind imputation.

He then requested me to go for Mrs. B., and tell her, he requested her presence at the hospital. I went in search of the wife, but did not meet with her. I found some ten or fifteen of the band awaiting her return. Night came on, and she had not yet made her appearance. I perceived they were in great perturbation.

This same day my room had been changed to a small apartment in close proximity with the one occupied by Mrs. B. separated only by a thin board partition. About two o'clock at night she came home, accompanied by two females. One left in a few minutes, as she had company waiting for her at the door. The other remained and entered into conversation with Mrs. B. I laid my ear to the partition and could distinctly hear every word which was spoken. I heard Mrs. B. say, "I have searched in a satisfactory manner, and am convinced that some one has removed the earth. I did not expect to find it, after my husband told me some one had answered him in my name and taken the note."

I was now satisfied that she had been in search of the money I had found at the root of the tree, on the corner of Canal and Old Levee streets. I could not hear the opinion they entertained, but the strange female remarked that,

"Col. Goodrich suspects him, and will certainly catch him, provided he has got it."

"I do not think he can have it," said Mrs. B., "I have never seen the least evidence of guilt; besides the Col.," meaning her brother-in-law, "says he is perfectly harmless."

I was then convinced that it was myself they were talking about. My fears were awakened, so much so that I passed a very restless night.

Early the next morning I hurried away to Mr. Munger's

room and laid open my fears. It may be proper to state in this connection, that this Mr. Munger, whom I made my confident, was the United States Marshal.

The search above referred to, was for money which had been hid by Sandford at his death, and he had informed Mr. B. where he had deposited it. The particulars, together with the manner by which I came in possession of it, are detailed in "GAMBLING UNMASKED," vol. I.

I found Mr. Munger in his room, and related the incidents of the past night. He said he could not understand their meaning. I could, but I did not tell him that the letters had been taken. For the want of this information, things looked mysterious. He told me not to fear, but to flatter those who had requested me to perjure myself, with a prospect of compliance with their wishes. I went from his room to my boarding house, and from thence to the hospital. Here I found the Col. surrounded with some twenty citizens, who resided in and about Wheeling and Pittsburgh, all members of the fraternity. Some were men of great respectability in the community where they lived, and doubtless remain so to the present day. They held out flattering hopes, that bail would yet be secured, but all left the city in a few days, without rendering any assistance whatever.

The preliminaries for the trial were arranged. T. was indicted. The younger brother being state's evidence, had an encouraging prospect of acquittal. Unfortunately the Col. had taken a wrong position at the start. He had been betrayed by those of the brotherhood who had the influence requisite for assistance. The cheat had been carried so far by fair and continued promises, it was now too late to retrieve himself. I felt deeply interested for him. He was a noble specimen of mankind. He possessed abilities, worthy of a more honorable application. He bore all his misfortunes with unexampled fortitude. The night after his Wheeling and Pittsburgh associates had betrayed his confidence, he conversed with me for some time. The main topic of his conversation was about certain men who resided in Lawrenceburgh and its vicinity. He gave recitals of things which had been done by men, living in and near that place, which cannot be contemplated without a feeling of horror. I was actually shocked and chilled, especially as I knew the actors. The whole seemed to me like some dreadful vision of the night, and I could hardly believe the evidence of my senses in favor of actual perpetration. The Col. continued,

"They fear me; they are seeking to crush me while professing the greatest friendship." He paused after adding, "tomorrow I will give you some advice which will be of everlasting benefit. Be careful that you do not mention it."

Having returned to my boarding house, I was very closely interrogated by Mrs. B. and the aforesaid pettifogger, in reference to my absence.

"Where had I been all night, and what had detained me from my meal the day before?"

I told them, at which they eyed one another closely. Mrs. B. observed—

"I think the Col. must be hard run for assistance, to keep two or three constantly waiting on him."

To this I made no reply, but ate my breakfast fast, and returned to the hospital. I found Col. B. very restless. During the day several men, from different cities and towns, at a distance, called. Three remained about two hours with him. They were from Charleston, on the Kanawha river, Va.—After they retired, he lay in a doze for about an hour, when he was awakened by the arrival of four visitors, accompanied by his physician. One made a stand at the door of the Col., three came in, while the Doctor, with the fourth, passed along the gallery, to see some other of the inmates. I soon learned that two of the three present were from Nashville, Tenn.; one a merchant, the other a negro trader. When they began conversation, I stepped to the door. They talked very rapidly. One said his friend from Paris, Tenn., would be down in a few days, with several others, from Clarksville. The Col. listened to them with patience, and replied:

"They had better come, and not disappoint me."

These three left. In few minutes the physician, in company with the fourth, came to the door. The Doctor made a short stay, leaving the other man in the room with the Col.

It was a matter of surprise to witness the liberty that was extended to visitors, as well as the prisoner. He had a guard, it is true, but the steward of the sick rooms had been ordered not to permit any one to enter the apartment without a pass, signed by the Board of Trustees; yet all, who wished to visit were allowed a free ingress, and no questions were asked. I had been taken there at first by Mrs. B., after which, I had free access. But to return.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Editor's Department.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, JULY 29, 1846.

EMERSON BENNETT, EDITOR.

PUBLISHING OFFICE AT BAILLIE & CO'S., 104½, MAIN ST., WHERE PERSONS IN THE CITY WISHING TO SUBSCRIBE CAN LEAVE THEIR NAMES OR PROCURE SINGLE NOS. 5 CTS. EACH.

[Owing to the crowded state of our columns, we have been obliged to defer, until next week, a notice of several magazines, and other works, which we have received.

MAN'S MISSION.

Why are we in the World? This question cannot be too often or too seriously asked. Our best interests demand its solution; and yet, the mass seem, by their conduct, to have no idea of the object of their creation; or if they have, it seems to be false and dishonorable to humanity. But few live as though there was any thing great and glorious to live for—and fewer still maintain the full dignity of their nature.

Why are we in the World? We look about and see all kinds of evil lacerating the people with their poisoned thongs. Disease, decrepitude and pain are witnessed in almost every family—death stalks among us, striking down on the right hand and on the left, the old and the young, the ugly and the beautiful, the rich and the poor, the saint and the sinner, the corrupt and the pure. All the violent passions of our animal nature are in full activity, as hate, revenge, envy, jealousy, selfishness, avarice and debauchery,—there is a perpetual collision and antagonism in the business affairs of the people. Each is looking only to his own gain, and there are few who hesitate to make the most they can out of their neighbors, though they give not half the value of what they receive.—Merchant is arrayed against merchant—each is striving to break up his next door neighbor, and we have recently seen even brothers in business hostility, and resorting to every course to bring each other into disrepute and discredit as a fair dealer. The mass of the people being doomed to hard labor, are compelled to toil from morning till night with more than a slave's severity, and every moment they are not at work they must be eating or asleep, and have no time to cultivate the nobler part of their nature and thereby increase their happiness an hundred fold. Some are so poor they cannot live comfortably or train their children as they should be, while others have more than they know how to dispose of, and resort to all the extravagances that can be devised which but injure them and consume money that might benefit the destitute. In fine, we behold all kinds of inequalities and distinctions among the people which do not spring from the merit or demerit of individuals, and every source of unhappiness pouring its seething tide throughout all the borders of humanity.

Were we sent into the world to endure all this for a few days and pass away into forgetfulness? Does a God of infinite wisdom and goodness sit on the throne of the universe, and has He fashioned this beautiful earth like a paradise and then filled it with beings so constituted as to be subjects of fraud and crime, ignorance and excessive manual toil, and all the vices and diseases that abound, thereby falsifying His character and purpose as manifested through all nature? No, no, no—God reigneth and has ordered all things for the highest happiness and exaltation of Humanity.

Where, then, is the fault? Who is responsible for this lamentable state of affairs? We, ourselves, are alone guilty. We have grossly mistaken our earthly mission. We have not answered the question, why are we in this world? We do not appreciate the grandeur of mind and the dignity of our nature. The great majority of us act as though there were nothing to live for but the acquisition of wealth, and for it we sacrifice health, mind and everything worth possessing. *

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have, for a few days past, been perfectly deluged with a shower of good things. Our correspondents seem to have awakened from every corner, and have "come down" in a way quite flattering to us as well as to themselves. We would like to make a long speech to you, ladies and gentlemen, collectively, but, unfortunately, we do not know what to say—save that from our heart we thank you. Now then for the file before us.

By the way, we would call the attention of our readers, especially the lovers of the beautiful, to that exquisite poem, "Little Willie," found on our first page, from that exceeding-

ly sweet and most gifted poetess, Mrs. Sophia H. Oliver. If such POETRY as that does not LIVE, we pity the rhyming fraternity, generally.

MY MARY—By S. C. Kinney—Is the title of a beautiful poem which we received some days since, and which we shall, ere long, lay before our readers. If its author had spent a little more time in polishing it, it would have been better—though, even as it is, it possesses REAL poetry. Let him study the artistic part of poetry—devote a little more time to his productions,—and we think he has nothing to fear.

REMINISCENCE—By Miss Phoebe Carey. This is a poem of considerable length, with which we shall treat our readers at the earliest convenience. Its sentiments are excellent and put together in a graceful, flowing style, highly creditable to the pen of its author.

FALMOUTH HALL—By Miss Alice Carey. This is a poem something of the ballad order, romantic in its turn, which we shall lay before our readers at an early date.

THE PROSPECT—By Augustus. This is a fine production, of excellent finish, and as long as its author can send as good, he need have no fears of rejection—at least from us. We cordially welcome him to our columns. As to the other articles he speaks of, we think they will suit us, that is, if not too ultra, and if entirely free from sectarianism. Send them on.

CASSIUS M. CLAY—By Warner M. Bateman—Is one of those bold, vigorous, well written articles, that we like,—and we think, too, that the writer's views are correct. We shall soon give it a place.

MR. DODSON'S DREAM, &c.—By B. St. James Fry. This is an amusing story, forming the second part of the "Pufftown Election," which we published some time since. Mr. Fry, in the humorous line, is very happy. We have filed it for early insertion.

IDALENE—By Miss Marietta V. Fuller. This is a truly beautiful story,—full of tender sentiment and poetic imagery—springing, apparently, from a mind reveling in poetic fancies—and for a short production, admirably shows the workings of a woman's heart. We shall take pleasure in presenting it to our readers, perhaps next week, but soon, at all events. Miss Fuller is the author of the "Silver Lute," which our readers will recollect we published some time since.

AMERICAN SKETCHES, NO. 2.—By C. Emerson, Esq. These articles, one of which we present in this number, we think our readers will find truly valuable. Mr. Emerson appears to be a deep thinker, and presents his views with great force and perspicuity. We believe arrangements have been effected with this gentleman for a regular series. We shall look for more with interest. No. 2, next week.

DEMOCRACY OF DEATH—By L. A. Hine, Esq.—We shall publish, probably, next week. It is enough to announce Mr. Hine the writer, to satisfy our readers that the article is good.

EDWARD LINDSEY—By A. F. D.—We have read and shall publish. The other article by the same writer will be found in this number.

There, ladies and gentlemen, we believe we have said something favorable of you all—hope you will return the compliment.

MOB IN LEXINGTON.

There has been great excitement in Lexington, Ky., of late, on account of some jurors disagreeing, or, rather, refusing to convict a man whom the populace thought guilty. Eight of them and the Judge were hung and burnt in effigy.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

GRAHAM FOR AUGUST.—This is a splendid No., containing four embellishments, and a piece of Original Music. "Punca Indians," is the title of one, and a beautiful picture it is. It contains, also, a likeness of Alfred B. Street, a popular poet. Most of its articles exhibit a high order of talent, as is generally the case, and we ever feel like placing Graham at the head of light literature. Among its contributors we notice the names of Joseph C. Neal, Tuckerman, Hosmer, Wilde, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, and a host of others. For sale by ROBINSON & JONES, 109 Main street, Cincinnati, and by JOHN FERRIS, & Co., Lawrenceburgh, Ind.

[A notice of Godey's in our next.]

Selected.

THE YOUNG ARTIST.

BY PROF. J. H. INGRAHAM.

(CONCLUDED.)

CHAPTER VI.

'There be stories tolden in pictures as well as in booke, and a cunning paynter doth discourse with his pencil even as a ready wryter doth with his pen; and some do think he hath the greater honor and the dignety; inasmuch as genius is more excelling in artes than in lettres.'

Three months elapsed after the breakfast scene, described in the last chapter. About dusk, one Sabbath evening, two persons might have been seen in close conference beside the hedge under the window of the humble cottage of the Widow Dow. The figure of one was partly concealed by the foliage, but a close veil and a large shawl thrown across the shoulders as if for disguise, betrayed it to be a female. Through all her attempts at concealment, however, there shone a certain feminine grace, which, with a particularly neat foot, and a half visible snowy, hand betrayed her rank to be above that of a village maiden. Her companion was a stout, good-looking young countryman, in the plain and homespun garb of a ploughman.

"It is my wish, Davy," said she, as if enforcing some request, "and it is for his sake, too, that it is to be done."

"Yes, Miss Mary; but it may not turn out to be young Measter Irvine, after all," responded Davy Dow, whom the lapse of seven years had little changed, save in stature and breadth of shoulders.

"I know that it is he, Davy," said Mary Odlin, with confidence; "the newspaper that came this morning, after stating that this distinguished painter had returned to Philadelphia and taken a studio in Chestnut street, describes, in one short paragraph his personal appearance, and it is just that of Henry as my fancy would paint him as being. My heart tells me that none but himself could have sat for the picture. You must go, Davy."

"Well, Miss Mary, I love Measter Irvine, thof I haint seen un for seven years, as much as I did the day I helped him thrash the Dominie. You must make all right with old measter here, if I go, Miss Mary, and I'm off; and, I fegs, if he be doon to the city I'll hunt him out, and give him the letter and ring; and I don't know which will make him most glad to see me or get a letter from you. I'm most sartain both on us coming together'll go noigh on to upset him."

"You are the kind, obliging, good creature I ever thought you were, Davy. Be speedy, and only be successful, and I will not only reward you well, but do all in my power to forward your suit with my maid Bessey."

"He, ge, ge! you knows it, Miss Mary, do ye? Well it's truth: I does love un, and if ye can only make her say yes, some Sunday night, when I pops the question, it'll be all the reward I want for going. So I'll be up and off by the dawn, and thof its a pretty smart chance of a road, I'll make Snowy pace it in less than two days."

"Don't be imprudent, Davy, mind, and see that no one knows your business nor from whom you are going. Steal away before day break and I will take care that Dame Dow be made easy in your absence. Here is silver to defray your expenses. Do not forget now, on your arrival in the city, to visit, as I before told you, every painter's room until you discover him; his face you cannot have forgotten, and seven years will have altered it little save by the addition of manly graces. Now, God speed thee and give thee success in thy errand."

She retreated, as she spoke, hastily, down the green lane, at the end of which is a rustic bridge, that crosses the stream before it empties itself into the mere, by which she reached Rosemont again without detection.

The ensuing morning, at day break, our Mercury, Davy Dow, stole from his rude bed to the stable, and speedily saddled a diminutive, bob-tailed, crow-black pony, of no particular breed, which he had perversely christened Snowball or Snowy. He then placed across his back a pair of saddle-bags, well filled with meat, bread, apples and dough-nuts, and mounting him, after he had carefully secured the stable-door, he was soon trotting briskly past the school-house, where Dominie Spankie still continued to reign more terrible than ever; and just as the sun began to flush the eastern skies, he turned into the turnpike at the spot where the venerable finger board points back to Eden, and, at a vigorous pace, pursued his way towards the metropolis.

CHAPTER VII.

The third day after the departure of Davy, on his Quixotic expedition, the several artists of Philadelphia were thrown into amusing consternation by the apparition of a clownish young countryman wearing a homespun frock, and hob-nail shoes, and carrying a small cart-whip, deliberately stalking into their studios, and without casting a glance upon the works of art around, approaching, and looking them as closely in the countenance as they themselves had ever done sitters; and then with a negative shake of the head, quietly disappearing without having spoken a word.

Early in the afternoon of the same day, a certain young painter of that city was seated in his studio, which, though a plain green room, and containing but few pictures for display, was situated in the most fashionable part of the town. His head was covered with a crimson Turkish cap; and his feet were thrust into Indian slippers, richly embroidered with bead work. He had just dismissed a fair sitter, and was still seated before his easel, contemplating the beautiful pictures that had risen beneath the magical touches of his pencil. While thus occupied, the door opened softly, and first the head, and then the shoulders, of a countryman, were thrust in. The owner of these after taking a survey of the room, then advanced his whole body, and slowly approached the artist, as if to obtain a sight of his features, which were hidden by the canvass before him, and which he was so intently studying as to be unconscious of the presence of an intruder. The countryman, who was Davy Dow, in proper person, at length, by thrusting his head over the top of the canvass, got sight of the painter's face. It was shaded to the eyes by the drooping fold of his velvet cap, and partly covered by his right palm and fore-finger, on which his cheek thoughtfully leaned.—

Davy looked hard and scrutinizingly, but the singularity of his costume, with the attitude, defeated his scrutiny. But he was not to be foiled in his object, and it occurred to him that there was something in the shape of the symmetrical and gentlemanly hand that reminded him of his foster-brother — for the EXPRESSION OF THE HAND — so to express that which all have noticed, is the last to change. In his anxiety to get a better view of the face, he struck his foot against a limb of the easel. The artist started, and looking up, beheld, to his infinite surprise, the broad visage of Davy staring down upon him over the top of the picture. The instant Davy saw his face, browned and manly, yet about the forehead and eyes almost transparent with intellect, the lip darkened by a moustache, and the face classically oval, with parted hair, flowing to the shoulders, from beneath his cap, he started in his turn. — In it his duller vision saw no trace of the fair boy that shared his sports in childhood.

"Dang it, he be turk, and no Christian!" he ejaculated, after surveying him a few seconds; being bewildered by the picturesque costume as well as confused by the stern, inquiring look that sought his.

"What, sir?" demanded the artist, not comprehending Davy's words.

"Nothing, your worship. It is of no sort o' consequence — a bit o' a mistake — into the wrong shop, sir — no offence, I hope, sir?" and thus speaking, Davy bowed himself backwards as far as the door, and then made his escape from the room with extraordinary precipitation.

The artist gave a few moments' thought to the oddity of the interruption, and then taking up his pencil, began to work upon the picture, touching and adding grace to each feature, and blending in the higher parts of expression from memory. These touches were more delicate and truthful than those which he had mechanically copied from the face of the sitter; for fancy and taste combined with the restless spirit of creating the beautiful, will then always insensibly guide the artist's pencil, and mingle themselves with his colors. After a while, he stopped abruptly, and spoke half aloud, his mind having evidently dwelt on the recent circumstances while his pencil moved over his canvas.

"Certainly, I have seen that broad, honest face before. — Where can I have encountered its owner?" He seemed to be recalling the past for a moment, and then shook his head sorrowfully.

"Ah, gentle Mary! I wonder if you have continued true to me! Two days longer this picture will detain me here, and I will then know in person. In disguise will I revisit my native village, and from her own lips, myself unknown to her, draw the evidence of her truth or unfaithfulness! — How strange it is that the face of this clown should bring Eden so vividly to memory. I have, at length, gained a name, Colonel Odlin need not be ashamed to acknowledge. I know his passion and tastes for the fine arts. I trust much to this for

success, if Mary should have proven true. I wonder if she has altered much?" As he spoke, he rose, and removing the canvas from the easel, replaced it by a half finished portrait, the original of which could not be mistaken.

"How like her as she was when we last met!" he said, contemplating with a lover's gaze, the fair resemblance of Mary Odlin. "Perhaps she is much altered now, but it is only to be still lovelier." He continued to gaze awhile longer on the picture which he had sketched, of Mary in the bloom of sweet sixteen as she was pictured on his memory, and then, rising, threw aside his gown and cap, replaced them with a coat and hat, and after another passionate glance at the portrait, replaced it by the one he had removed, and descended to the street. As he passed out of the door to the pavement, he saw his late visitor, standing with his face close to his sign, which he was spelling over and over again, with great care, HENRY, POTTRAIT AND HISTORICAL PAINTER."

"That's half o' the name, and no mistake. It may be him and it mayn't be! but dang me if he didn't look like a Turk up there. But the chap I see might not ha' been the painter. "HENRY! — HENRY! I wonder if he ha'n't got no pitcher to his handle! Henry what? May be it is Mr. Henry. Gad! I'll go in again, after I have been round to the Indian Queen taverne, and got a snack, for it is nigh on to three o'clock, and I ha'n't had no dinner yet. If it's Mr. Henry, 'ta'n't Measter Henry, that's all. But its so pesky near it, I'll give another trial. For none o' the other painters look any more like Henry than my old grandmother."

There was something in the tone and manner of the speaker, that arrested the painter's attention. He involuntarily stopped and was about to address him, when Davy strode away beyond his reach, and doubtless, very soon afterwards was regaling himself at the inn, with bread, cheese, and dough-nuts. Two hours afterwards, on returning to his room, which, as most artists are wont to do, he had left unlocked, he discovered, seated in his chair before the easel, and gazing with looks of surprise and gratification upon the sitter's portrait he had replaced there, no less a person than his former rustic visitor. He surveyed him a moment with a smile, and then approaching him, slapped him good humoredly on the back, and said:

"You seem to be fond of paintings, my friend!"

"Noa, measter, not particularly," said Davy, quietly looking up from the canvas; "Ise ony waiting here for the painter, sir."

The voice and face of the speaker brought back to the artist his boyhood. He scanned his features with eager curiosity, as if he thought to trace the familiar lines. But the tan of the sun and the seasons, combined with a heavy beard, defeated his scrutiny. Davy, in his turn, stared at the painter, his face alternately lighted up with hope, and clouding with doubt, as at one moment he thought he detected a resemblance, which the next instant, was replaced by an expression altogether strange to him. On the part of the young painter, conviction grew to certainty, that an old companion of boyhood stood before him: but, as if prompted by a sudden thought, which suggested a plan for the better confirmation of his suspicions, he removed the picture from the easel, and silently, with a half smile, replaced it, by one covered by a cloth, which hitherto had stood against the wall, and then said:

"I was about to ask your name, my good friend; for your face reminds me most forcibly of one I knew in boyhood; but I chose to satisfy myself by means of my art. Look at this picture," he added, removing the cover; "if you recognize it, I think I shall not be at a loss to call you by name without asking it. Stand here before it!"

Davy took the position he pointed out, and had no sooner fastened his eyes upon the canvas, than they seemed to start from their sockets with mingled surprise and bodily fear. — He stepped back, again advanced, and then bent his face closer to it as if scarcely believing his eyes for wonder; finally he stooped down before it, with both hands, from one of which stuck out the handle of his inseparable cart whip, resting on his thighs, and gazed upon it until a broad smile of amusing recognition illuminated his ruddy visage. Near him, with his pencil extended in one hand, and his palette elevated in the other, stood the painter, watching every expression in his face, and enjoying in triumph, the anticipated success of his art.

All at once, Davy drew back, and doubling his massy fist, said, while he shook it at the canvas, "If thee beest no' Dominie Spankie, thee beest the dev'l!" Then turning and looking at the amused artist, he added, "There be but one could do that, and if thee beest not Measter Henry —"

"Then," interrupted the artist, smiling: "thou art not Davy Dow."

"Odds butters! Bessy's mine! Bessy's mine!" he cried, capering round the studio. "Give us thee hand, Measter Henry! Dad! it's thyself after all, then! How thee has shot up; and the tan has made thee brown as a hazle nut; and what with that whisker on your upper lip, I'd barely know'd thee, but for the Dominie, here. I know'd nobody could ha' done him but you. Well, it's odd, the old chap's picture should ha' made you go off, at first, and then be the means o' making me find you again."

The two friends cordially shook hands, and Henry passed one of the pleasantest hours since his exile in reviving old associations with the communicative Davy. That Mary formed the burden of the numerous questions he put to his foster-brother, need not be told. At length, Davy began to feel in the capacious pockets of his frock as if suddenly recollecting that he had not delivered all his message. "Dang it, Measter Henry, what with talking 'bout the Dominie, and the gals, and the old women, I'd loike to a' forgot! Here's a bit of a letter and a round gold ring for ye!"

Henry seized them with eagerness, while a heightened color betrayed the state of his heart. He kissed the silent token, and placed it on his finger, and then tore open the letter. It contained but a word

"COME."

"MARY."

"I obey!" he exclaimed. "How do you go back Davy?"

"On Snowy. He's at the tavern, and if you'll ride him, Measter Henry, I'll foot it along side, bad as I feel to get back to Eden to see Bessy."

"No, thank you, good Davy. I will take the stage. You can return at once, and bear this seal to her, and —"

"To Bessey?"

"To Bessey! No, you ninny — to Mary."

He gave, as he spoke to Davy, a small signet, in which was cut the motto, "**MY HEART IS WITH YOU.**" "Tell her in three days I shall be at Rosemont." In a few minutes afterwards, Davy took his leave, and by sun-rise the next morning, was several miles on his way to Eden, the image of his Bessy filled his thoughts and added speed to his progress.

CHAPTER VIII.

The day after Davy's secret departure, on his search for Henry, whom he so happily discovered, Colonel Odlin received a letter relating to some financial matters, that required his presence for a few days in the city. He immediately left Rosemont, accompanied by his daughter, and arrived the evening of the day on which Davy left, without having met him on the road. Instead of going to the Indian Queen, then the most respectable inn, (not HOTEL,) of the town, they drove directly to the residence of an old friend who had recently been united to a very lovely woman, and lived in much style in Walnut street. The portrait on which Henry was at work when Davy first entered his studio, was that of Mrs. Astley. It chanced to be the subject of conversation the next morning at the breakfast table, and the highest encomiums were passed by the Dr. and Mrs. Astley, not only upon it as a likeness and work of art, but upon the painter.

"Who is he?" asked Colonel Odlin, with interest.

"The American Angelo."

"What, the celebrated young American painter, who has recently been received with such distinction in England?"

"The same," replied Dr. Astley. "It is but a few weeks since he returned to this country; and it is only at the request of several of our most eminent citizens, and even of General Washington, who is to sit to him, that he has consented to remain with us a few days; being anxious to visit his native village, somewhere in the interior of the state.— You must see him, and get your head taken off," added the doctor, laughing.

"I will accompany you and the ladies to his rooms, this morning, before I go to the bank. I have great curiosity to form his acquaintance. His country should be proud of him."

"Ay, indeed, should they," responded the Doctor; "but look at my fair friend Mary! Her face glows with something like pride in him already. Why girl, you would fall in love with him at sight! He is not a bad favored young gentleman, by any means. Who knows, Colonel, what may happen?— A man who has raised himself to be the associate of princes and nobles of Europe, simply by the aid of his genius, may be a match for any woman."

"I should be honored by such a son-in-law," said Colonel

Odlin, smiling, and looking towards Mary. She felt confused and distressed, why, she scarcely knew; and felt relieved when the party rose from the table. She was not sure that the painter was Henry. She dared not ask Dr. Astley his name; still her love would not let her doubt, and she believed.

CHAPTER IX.

Henry Irvine was seated in his studio that morning, busily at work. On the easel before him stood a piece of canvas, on which he had been painting for several hours, with the animated and glowing countenance of one whose soul was lost in the subject. The door opened, and the party from Dr. Astley's entered. Observing him so deeply absorbed in his task, they did not interrupt him, but lounged through the room, inspecting the creations of his pencil, and admiring some pictures of the old master of painting which he had brought from Italy, leaving him to discover their presence at his leisure. Mary Odlin leaned upon the arm of Dr. Astley as they traversed the room, but from a singular feeling, easily understood but difficult to analyze, she dared not turn her eyes towards the artist. A single glance she knew would satisfy her if it was Henry; but she felt it might also crush at once the hopes she had so fondly cherished. She trembled at hastening the denouement, and chose rather to nourish the delusion, if delusion it was, to the latest moment, than risk the chance of final disappointment. She feared, too, if it should prove to be Henry, to meet his eye before so many, and her emotion at the discovery should be observed.

As they slowly made the tour of the apartment, Mrs. Astley, whose curiosity was awakened to know whether it could be her own picture that so closely engaged the whole mind of the handsome young artist as to render him unconscious of their presence, crossed the room in such a direction, that by slightly bending forward, she could discover the subject on the canvas. Her eye had scarcely glanced at it, when she uttered an exclamation of surprise and delight, and cried, "The living image of Mary Odlin, as I knew her when she was scarce sixteen!"

He started with surprise, blushed, stammered out a few incoherent words of apology for not before being aware of their presence, and hastily turned the canvas to the easel—but not before Colonel Odlin had seen and recognized an admirable portrait of his daughter, just as she was merging into womanhood. Mary heard the words of Mrs. Astley, and her heart told her that the limner could be none other than Henry! She raised her eyes—it was HENRY! She uttered a cry of delight, and would have fallen with joy, had not the young artist, who at the same instant recognized her, flown and caught her in his arms. The moment she felt his arms around her, she quickly recovered herself with maidenly shame, and buried her blushing, happy face in her hands!

"What means this?" inquired Colonel Odlin, bewildered by the scene, wholly at a loss to account for his daughter's emotion, and puzzling himself with conjectures how her portrait came to be on the painter's easel.

"Cupid has something to do with it, Colonel, I will wager," said Dr. Astley, with a mischievous glance at Mary. "Did I not tell you, fair lady, it would be love at first sight!"

"It is something more," said Colonel Odlin; "will you do us the kindness to explain, sir?" he added, addressing Henry.

"Cheerfully, sir," said Henry, taking the hand of Mary, which she willingly resigned to him. "In early youth your lovely daughter was beloved by me, and I had reason to hope my love was reciprocated. But my birth is humble, and also were my fortunes. That I might make myself worthy of her, seven years ago I left my native village, to seek my fortune, and strive to win a name, in the lustre of which, whispered my youthful ambition, my lowly one should be lost. For that purpose, I assumed only my Christian name with the determination to resume my parental one only when I could with honor confer it on her, who was the guiding star of my career. Seven years we promised to be true to each other, trusting to better fortune, at the expiration of that period, to reward our loves. It is just seven years to-day, sir, since we parted, on the shore of Eden Mere."

"In Henry, the painter," exclaimed Colonel Odlin, with astonishment, "I then behold——"

"Henry Irvine," replied the young artist, bowing with modest pride.

"Take her, young man. She is fairly won. Yours is a patent of nobility derived from Heaven, and sealed with a signet of Divinity. Nor are you so lowly by birth. Your father, though a poor clergyman, was a gentleman and a scholar!"

As he spoke, he took the hand of the happy Mary and placed it himself in that of her lover, embraced them both, and in an affectionate manner bade, "God bless them!"

"Amen!" fervently responded Dr. Astley.

A few weeks afterwards, the village of Eden was beside itself with merry-makings in honor of the marriages of Henry Irvine with Mary Odlin, and Davy Dow with Bessey Blodget.

THE VALUE OF LABOR.

BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

Ho, ye who at the anvil toil,
And strike the sounding blow,
Where from the burning iron's breast
The sparks fly to and fro,
While answering to the hammer's ring,
And fire's intenser glow—
Oh, while you feel 'tis hard to toil
And sweat the long day through,
Remember, it is harder still
To have no work to do.

Ho, ye who till the stubborn soil,
Whose hard hands guide the plow,
Who bend beneath the Summer's sun,
With burning cheek and brow—
Ye deem the curse still clings to earth
From oiden time till now;
But while ye feel 'tis hard to toil
And labor all day through,
Remember, it is harder still
To have no work to do.

Ho, ye who plow the sea's blue field—
Who ride the restless wave,
Beneath whose gallant vessel's keel
There lies a yawning grave,
Around whose bark the wintry winds
Like fiends of fury rave—
Oh, while ye feel 'tis hard to toil
And labor long hours through,
Remember, it is harder still
To have no work to do.

Ho, ye upon whose fevered cheeks
The hectic glow is bright,
Whose mental toil wears out the day
And half the weary night,
Who labor for the souls of men,
Champions of truth and right—
Although you feel your toil is hard,
E'en with this glorious view,
Remember, it is harder still
To have no work to do.

Ho, all who labor, all who strive!
Ye wield a lofty power,
Do with your might, do with your strength,
Fill every golden hour!
The glorious privilege TO DO
Is man's most noble dower;
Oh, to your birthright and yourselves,
To your own souls be true!
A weary wretched life is theirs,
Who have no work to do.

It is better to have recourse to a quack, if he can cure our disorder, although he cannot explain it, than to a physician, if he can explain our disease, but cannot cure it. In a certain consultation of physicians, they all differed about the nature of an intermittent, and all of them were ready to define the disorder. The patient was a king. At length an empiric, who had been called in, thus interposed: "Gentlemen, you all seem to differ about the nature of an intermittent, permit me to explain it, an intermittent, gentlemen, is a disorder which I can cure, and which you cannot."

A necessitous man, who gives costly dinners, pays large sums to be laughed at.

Examinations are formidable, even to the best prepared, for the greatest fool may ask, more than the wisest can answer.

News Items.

From the Washington Union.

RETURN OF THE KILLED IN THE BATTLES OF PALO ALTO AND RESACA DE LA PALMA.

We are indebted to the politeness of the surgeon general of the army for the following explanation and returns. The public prints have been impatient, and even importunate for this information. It gives us satisfaction to be able to supply it. Perhaps it may reach the families of the deceased, who may still be ignorant of his destiny. At all events, it is a respectful tribute due to the memory of the brave soldiers who have fallen in the service of their country:

SURGEON GENERAL'S OFFICE,
July 18, 1846.

To the Editor of the Union:

DEAR SIR.—I am enabled, from the returns in this office, to comply but partially with the request contained in your note of this day's date. Enclosed herewith I send you a list of the private soldiers who were mortally wounded in the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, and who expired on the days of the battles, or have since died of their wounds.

The names of the men who were killed outright, or who did not come under the observation of the surgeons, have not been reported to the Surgeon General's office.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

TH. LAWSON.

LIST OF THE PRIVATE SOLDIERS who were mortally wounded and expired on the days of the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, or died of their wounds soon thereafter.

Names.	Rank.	Regt.	Died.	Remarks.
William Atherton,	Private.	2d drag.	May 9.	Resaca de la Palma.
Lewis H. Tucker,	"	"	"	"
George Bates,	"	"	"	"
Charles Wilson,	"	"	"	"
Frederick Papae,	"	"	"	"
James Manning,	"	"	"	"
Thos. Cantwell,	"	"	"	Palo Alto.
Martin,	Serg't.	1st art.	June 5.	Pt. Isabel.
Eichler,	"	2d art.	May 10.	Resaca de la Palma.
Owen Hawkins,	"	"	"	"
James Morgan,	"	3d art.	"	Palo Alto.
William B. Fuller,	"	4th art.	"	"
John Forsyth,	Private.	"	"	"
Matthew Nidy,	Artif'r.	"	"	Resaca de la Palma.
Charles Marsland,	Ser. Maj.	3d inf.	"	"
George Chisholm,	Private.	"	"	"
Philip Lee,	"	4th inf.	"	Palo Alto.
Orlando Pierce,	"	"	"	Resaca de la Palma.
Robert Matthews,	"	"	"	"
Daniel McDardie,	"	"	"	"
Eldridge,	"	"	"	"
Jmes. Stockley,	"	5th inf.	June 10.	Pt. Isabel.
Albertson,	"	"	"	Resaca de la Palma.
Sheehan,	"	"	"	"
Weigart Horace,	Serg't.	7th inf.	"	12
Francis,	Private.	8th inf.	"	Pt. Isabel.
Anthony,	"	"	"	Resaca de la Palma.
Fisher,	Music'n.	"	"	"
Mullen,	Serg't.	"	"	"
Hunt,	Corpor'l.	"	"	"
Hart,	Private.	"	"	"
Wallace,	"	"	"	"
Farrell,	"	"	"	"
Haddox,	"	"	"	"
Lewis,	"	"	"	"
Murray,	"	"	"	"
Waldron,	"	"	"	"
Patton.	"	"	"	"
				June 6.
				11
				14
				15
				24
				Pt. Isabel.

From the N. O. Jeffersonian, of the 18th inst.

IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.

The brig Hope Howes, arrived to-day from Havana, whence she sailed on the 11th inst. The English steamer Clyde had arrived from Vera Cruz with the intelligence that that place was under martial law, and that the American squadron consisting of the frigates Cumberland, Raritan, and Potomac, of 50 guns each; the John Adams of 20, and the Somers of 10 guns; the steamers Mississippi of 8, and the Princeton of 7 guns, would attack the fort on the 10th. A Spanish vessel had

been ordered off, was fired at by the Princeton, and then overhauled by boats of the steamers.

The Spanish frigate Christina, sloop-of-war Louisa Fernanda, brigantine Habenora, English frigate Endymion, sloop-of-war Rose, steamer Vesuvius, French brig Mercure, and sloop Laperouse, were at anchor at Sacrificios.

Gen. Paredes has obtained permission from his Government to take command of the army, and Gen. Bravo will act in his place. The Mexican Congress has granted Paredes all the means asked for, to prosecute the war. Gen. Arista was in Mexico.

An express had reached Vera Cruz on the 29th of June, stating that Valtamira, a place one day's journey from Tampico, had been taken. Information had also been received that the Californias had declared themselves independent of Mexico.

Paredes had demanded of Congress \$2,000,000 to prosecute the war, which no doubt would be granted.

The Government had issued orders to have all valuables removed from Vera Cruz to the interior towns of Jalapa and Orizaba. Gen. Rodriguez de Cala has been appointed to command at Vera Cruz in the place of Gen. Bravo.

The Alcade of Tampico had presented \$2,000 towards strengthening the fortifications.

Great depredations have been committed by the Comanche and Lepeau Indians in the departments of Durango and Chihuahua.

Gen. Arebelo is at the head of an army on the route from Guadalajara to the Rio del Norte, to whip Gen. Taylor.

LATEST FROM MATAMOROS.

We gave verbal news from Matamoros to the 4th inst., a few days since. The editor of the Frankfort (Ky.) Commonwealth, has conversed with a gentleman who left Matamoros on the 6th inst., two days later. He states that the camp was inundated with water, rains having fallen incessantly for two weeks. Six small steamboats had just arrived, with which it was intended immediately to transport troops to Comargo above, as a preliminary to an invasion of the interior. Not a single wagon had arrived, without which of course Gen. Taylor could not move a step. To invade the country, successfully, as far as Monterey, it was calculated that, for the transportation of provisions, &c. &c., one wagon would be required for every five men. Gen. Taylor did not calculate on being furnished with means to move his army earlier than the first of September.

MOVEMENT ON CAMARGO AND MONTEREY.

We have at last received intelligence from the army on the Rio Grande, to the effect that orders have been given for a movement towards Camargo and Monterey. We copy the following letter from the New Orleans Delta of the 18th inst:

CAMP OPPOSITE MATAMOROS, July 6, 1846.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—At length the monotony of camp life is broken. We have received orders to strike tents, preparatory to moving forward towards Camargo. All is life and activity in camp to-day. We are waiting for the steam boat Big Hatchee, which we momentarily expect to arrive, when we will embark on board of her and proceed fifteen miles above here, where we will be disembarked and wait until the whole of the Louisiana Brigade comes up, when we will be marched forward. The 7th Infantry, U. S. A. commanded by Capt. Miles, is embarking for the same destination. The steamboats Aid, Big Hatchee, and Troy are here; and the steamboats Cincinnati, Enterprise, Cora and J. E. Roberts, are in the river, coming up—this begins to look like moving, and I have now no doubt but that we will very soon be at Camargo.

We spent the "glorious 4th" most gloriously. The Brigade (Cols. Walton's and Mark's regiments) were paraded and reviewed by Generals Taylor and Smith. Gen. T. said that we would move forward to Monterey with the least possible delay; and that if we did not have another "crack" at the enemy, it would be because they out-traveled us, as he was determined to "go ahead," and he hoped and believed that we would not be detained any more.

Yours, truly ****

ARRIVAL OF COL. MCINTOSH.—Among the passengers who arrived in this city yesterday, by the New York from Brazos Santiago, was Col. McIntosh, and his son Lieut. McIntosh. Col. McIntosh received no less than five wounds from bayonets and lances in the battle of the 9th. His arrival here is an evidence of returning health, that his most sanguine

friends never dreamed he would enjoy, after the wounds he received in battle.

[N. O. Paper, 16th inst.]

ARREST OF A KIDNAPPER.—Jacob Armitage, who took so prominent a part in the abduction of Jerry Phinney, in March last, was brought to this city yesterday morning, having been arrested at the residence of Mr. Fleming, in Prairie township, Franklin county. He has been admitted to bail in the sum of \$750.

Henderson and the other persons concerned in the abduction, who were arrested in March, are to be tried at a special term of the Court of Common Pleas, to commence on the 8th of September. Perhaps Armitage will be included in the batch.

[Ohio Statesman.]

Spicings.

"John, what is the past of SEE?"

"SEEN, sir."

"No, it is SAW; recollect that."

"Yes, sir. Then if a SEA-fish swims by me, it becomes a SAW-fish when it is PAST, and can't be SEEN."

"You can go home, John."

"Why didn't you tell a straight story?" said the captain of a frigate to a coaster, who had given a false account of his vessel, when he was hailed.

"To tell you the truth, captain," said he, "my speaking trumpet got bruised; and it is so crooked, that it is impossible to tell a straight story though it."

"What are you about? you black rascal. Twice have you roused me from my sound sleep to tell me that breakfast is ready, and now you've woken me by attempting to pull off the bed-clothes! What the deuce do you mean? Why, massa, if you isn't goin' to git up, I mus hab de sheet anyhow, 'cause dey'r waitin' for de table-clof!"

An Irishman who had just landed, said the first bit of meat he ever ate in this country, was a roasted potato—boiled yesterday. And if you do not believe me, I can show it to you, for I have it in my pocket now.

THE CASKET.

THIS paper will be issued every Wednesday, and will comprise two volumes per year, of over 200 pages each, with an index accompanying each volume—making it a desirable work for binding.

The contents will be mostly or wholly original, from the pens of some of the best writers in the country, and will consist of

POETRY, TALES, ESSAYS, &c.

All of which shall bear a high moral and intellectual tone; and the Editor pledges himself that nothing of an immoral tendency, nothing of a partisan or sectarian nature, shall be admitted.

TERMS.

1 year, single subscription, - - - - - \$2 00
1 " clubs of five, - - - - - 8 00

1 " ten, - - - - - 15 00

All subscriptions invariably in advance.

The Editor will reside in Lawrenceburg, Indiana, to whom all letters of business, all communications (post paid) and all exchanges must be directed.

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